

THE OLD OLD HOME

TO
THE FAMILY OF THE
LATE REV^d REUBEN TINKER
WESTFIELD N. Y.



SONG & CHORUS

BY

J. N. PIXLEY

OF THE

AMPHION'S

AUTHOR OF

MY MOTHER SHE IS AGED NOW

BEYOND THE RIVER

THE LITTLE OLD COTTAGE & c.

25^{cts} net.

BUFFALO J. SAGE & SONS 209 MAIN ST.

NEW-YORK
WILLIAM DRESSLER

DETROIT
AMSDEN & GARGILL

Entered according to Act of Congress A1856 by J. Sage & Sons in the Clerk's Office of the Dis^t Court of the Northern District of N.Y.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

Words by REV. E. C. JONES.

Music by JNO. H. PIXLEY.

VOICE. 

PIANO: 



long for sainted mem'ries, Like an gel troops they come; If I





fold my arms and pon--der On the Old, Old home The



heart has many passages, Through which pure feelings roam,- But its middle aisle is

sacred To thoughts of Old- Old..... home.

Tenor: The heart has many passages, Through which pure feelings roam; But its

Alto: *e.xpressive.* Through which pure feelings roam; But its *marcato.*

Soprano: The heart has many passages, Through which pure feelings roam; But its

Bass: The heart has many passages, Through which pure feelings roam; But its

PIANO.

The old, old home .

The musical score is for the hymn 'The Old, Old Home'. It consists of four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'middle aisle is sacred To thoughts of Old, Old, Old home.' The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a 'dolce' marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

2.

Where infancy was sheltered
 Like rose-bud from the blast,
 Whose boyhood's brief elysium
 In joyousness was passed:
 To that sweet spot forever,
 As to some hallowed dome;
 Life's pilgrim bends his vision,-
 'Tis his Old, Old home.

3.

A Father sat there proudly,
 By that dear hearth-stones ray,
 And told his children stories
 Of his early manhood's days;
 And one soft eye was beaming,
 From child to child would roam;
 Thus a mother counts her treasures
 In the Old, Old home.

4.

The birth-day gifts and festival,
 The blended vesper hymn,
 (Some dear ones who were swelling it,
 Are with the seraphim.)
 The fond "good night" at bed time,
 How quiet sleep would come,
 And fold us all together,
 In the Old, Old home.

5.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,
 Close intertwined each heart,
 But time and change in concert,
 Have blown the wreath apart:
 But sainted, sainted memories
 Like angels ever come,
 If I fold my arms and ponder
 On the Old, Old home.